

**GARDEN TALK.**—‘*My Eyes!*’ said the Potato to the Lemon, how bilious you look to-day. Your skin is as yellow as saffron. What can be the matter?’

**Lemon.** Acidity of stomach—a family complaint of ours.

**Potato.** Why don’t you take advice?

**Lemon.** Advice! You know my poor dear brother dropped off the other day, and without being allowed to rest on his mother earth, his body was snatched up by a member of the Bar, who, instead of acting legally, dissected him—absolutely cut him up. ‘All for the public good,’ said the rascal, as he squeezed out poor Lem’s last gastric juices. Take advice, quotha! If he was not allowed to enter a plea in Bar, what may I expect from Doctors Commons?

**Potato.** That’s true. I only hope poor Lem, though he was in liquor at the time, had strength enough to give him a punch under the ribs; he was a rum customer to the last, no doubt—but I must say I wish his skin had been Fuller. Do you attend the Meeting to-night?

**Lemon.** I feel rather soured at present. I met Running-Vine just now with the invitations, and he hinted that there would be a squeeze, in which case I should decline, as they might press me to furnish drink for the company;—in fact, it is always so when they call any of my family to their aid. But now, to be serious, my sweet, sweet Potato, if you should go, let me advise you not to get yourself into hot water; you’ll be dished to a certainty if you do. Onion, the strongest friend you have on earth, brought tears to my eyes by the bare recital of what would be the probable consequences of attending it. In case of a row, you’ll both have to strip—peel off. Now, under such circumstances, he’ll certainly excite some sort of sympathy; whereas the removal of your russet coat might excite more admiration than pity! ‘Lovely in death,’ would they say—*Pallida mors, etc.* Indeed, for my own part I think you do look better in white. Oh! another thing I would say: Keep out of Horse Radish’s company; he will be sure to get into a *scrape*—a greater one than he imagines, perhaps—and as for Onion, (don’t let this leak out,) I fear the rope will end him. I should not like to get into a stew with him—so, mum! Ah! Here comes Plum and Pear. How savage they look.

**Pear.** How are you, my dear Lemon? Do decide this question between Plum and me. On referring to Johnson, we find my numerical value estimated at two only, while the rascally Plum is set down for a hundred thousand. It’s too absurd; there must be some mistake.

**Plum.** None at all. Please to recollect, Sir, that I weigh a stone more than one.

**Pear.** From that I must beg leave to *secede*.

**Lemon.** Stop this fruitless wrangling, or I shall be tempted to skin you both, to get at the truth.—I’m not in spirits. As for you, Mr Plum, no more of your tart remarks; and Mr Pear, if you wish to be preserved, the less jarring the better. Here comes Raspberry. How do you do, my fine fellow, and where have you been?

**Raspberry.** In the most infernal jam you ever saw;—pon honor, ‘twas insupportable. What’s the news?

**Lemon.** There is a report which Bush has raised, quite *current* here, that he served you up in sweet style last evening at tea-table, before a party of ladies, and the cream of the joke is that you were considerably down in the mouth.

**Raspberry.** Mere envy. You know he cultivates the affections of Miss Rose Geranium, (a sweet creature, by the by, and has grown very much lately) but finding that she preferred me, he became saucy, which induced me to beat him into a jelly, and send him in that state to his friend Venison, who lives near Fulton Market.

**Lemon.** (*Puts his hands on his lips and guffaws.*) Bravo! What a funny limb of Satan you are. But Ras., have you seen old Gardener lately? He’ll give you a deuced trimming when he meets you. He says you ought to have done sowing your wild oats, and that although it goes against his grain to complain of your treading on his corns, he can’t stand it any longer and must peach.

**Raspberry.** Peach will he? And are these to be the fruits of my bearing with him so long? He has been picking at me for some time, and yet it was but yesterday, the ungrateful old rake, that I got him out of a scrape with Mr Horse Radish, who, after seizing him by the nose, threw a muskmelon at his head, exclaiming with an equestrian laugh, ‘That ought to make at least one mango.’—And go he did that’s certain, all to squash.

**Lemon.** A challenge will ensue.

**Raspberry.** By no means. No one knows better than Gardener that Horse Radish shoots like the devil in the Spring, and one fall he has already received from him; It would be unreasonable to —, but drop the subject for here comes Mrs. Tree, who seems to wear a very cypressy look.

**Mrs. Tree.** Good morning, gentlemen. You have heard, no doubt, that I have lost those young limbs of mine. Well, perhaps it’s for the best: offsprings are a great trouble and expense, and to speak the truth, I should pine more at the loss of my trunk. Fine growing weather, this: Adieu!

**Pear.** Pine more! I should say she is one of the pine knots. There is very little of the weeping willow about her.

**Lemon.** No, the stingy old creature! No doubt she’d have been cut down by the loss of her trunk,—she’d have been chopfallen then: Instead of pining she talks sprucer than ever. I don’t believe she even went to the expense of having the poor things inoculated; a very little matter would have given them succor. She said the other day she was trying bark on them: but I vow, here comes Aspen. Aspen, why so agitated? Is there any thing strange in the wind?

**Aspen Tree.** I’m in such a flutter that I can scarce tell you of our common danger. But in a word, whether it was on account of our extreme admiration for the Woods and the Forest, or that the chestnuts and oaks began to rail at him, and give offence, it has entered the head of Hickory—which is very high just now—to root me out, and remove my trembling deposits from the bank on which I was reared by the side of the Schuylkill. Supplication is useless. Old Hickory will not bend, tho’ we tell him of our breaking,—and I advise all of you who, like me, have branches, to cut and run.

**Lemon.** My skin stands a double chance to be saved—for if I cut I shall surely run. But are you serious?

**Aspen Tree.** Serious! I tell you the sooner you all cut stick, the better. Hickory runs wonderfully. I’m off.

**Lemon.** Gentlemen, are you ready for the question? All in favor of taking our leaves will please bow.

[They bow unanimously, and exult as fast as their limbs can carry them.]—Knickerbocker.

**TALLEYRAND.**—Every one who is conversant with the history of modern France, has heard of Talleyrand. He was one of the great leading stars of the French Revolution, and however he may be regarded, whether as the friend or the enemy of the people, it must be universally conceded, that he was one of the most skilful politicians, the most intriguing diplomatists of modern times. We recollect imbibing somewhat of a prejudice against him, from a line in a poem which appeared many years ago on the state of affairs in France, wherein the writer, having stated that a certain revolutionist, "his king has dethroned," adds:—

"And Autun's lame Bishop his God has disowned!"

Charles Maurie de Talleyrand Perigord, the descendant of an ancient and distinguished family, was born in 1754. He took orders in the Catholic Church, then the established religion of his country, in 1773, and soon after received the title of Abbe de Perigord, and was made Bishop of Autun, and finally Prince. His early life is distinguished chiefly by a series of gallantries, which, if they are true, entitle him to a conspicuous rank among the most celebrated and heartless debauchees of his age; and if we may believe his historian and biographer, these irregularities were continued long after his acceptance of the highest church dignities. His life, professedly a translation from the French, has lately been published, in a handsome octavo, by Carey, Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, and W. D. Ticknor of this city. If it be true, a more deplorable series of villanies in high life has seldom been detailed. If false, a more delectable mess of slander has not often been served up to the public palate. A youth of seduction, an old age of depravity—perfidious, treacherous, heartless, intriguing—he raises our indignation at every scene of his depraved and abandoned career. Whether he was so bad as his biographer has depicted him, may however well be doubted. The standing which he retains, the high and respectable stations which he has held, the acts of his patriotism, the patriotism he displayed on the part of the people, induce us to believe that his life might have been written with somewhat more of candor. Prince Talleyrand visited England and America in 1792, and is still living, at the advanced age of 80. He is represented as having been polite, accomplished, and discerning—a Chesterfield in private life, a Michiavel in public.

**THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC.**—A handsome octavo, from the press of Carey, Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, and W. D. Ticknor of Boston, entitled *Three Years in the Pacific*, including notices of Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, and Peru, is before us. It is the production of an officer of the United States Navy, and is historical, geographical, and descriptive, comprising observations on men, manners, and things in general, which fell under

the notice of the writer. It is a work written with ability, and proves that we have in our national service, men capable of giving us the result of their experience and observation, in an instructive and interesting form and manner. This work appears to be well and faithfully written; and if any one wishes to obtain information respecting the present condition of those states of South America, whose political relations to our country and the world render them interesting to the statesman, the historian, and the general reader, Brazil, Chili, Bolivia, and Peru, he will have his curiosity gratified by consulting *Three Years in the Pacific*. Several extracts have within a few weeks appeared in our paper.

**VENERATION OF THE CROSS.**—The Armenians have an extreme veneration for the original cross, on which our Saviour was crucified; attributing to it powers of intercession with God, and of defending from evil, and believing it to be the sign of the Son of Man, that, at the judgment, will appear in the heavens coming out of the east, and shining unto the west. In imitation of it many crosses are made of metal, and other materials, to be used in churches and elsewhere. To consecrate them they are washed in water and wine, in imitation of the water and blood that flowed from our Saviour's side, and anointed with meiron, in token of the Spirit that descended and rested upon him; suitable passages are read from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Epistles, and the Gospels; and then the priest prays, "That God may give to this cross the power of that to which he was himself nailed, so that it may cast out devils, may heal the diseases of men, appease the wrath that descends from Heaven on account of our sins, to remain upon it himself always as upon his original cross, and make it his temple and throne, and the weapon of his power, so that our worship before it may be offered not to created matter, but to him the only invisible God." After a cross has undergone this ceremony, it may be set up toward the east, as an object of worship and prayer, while to treat an un consecrated one thus would be idolatry, and a downright breach of the second commandment. For, by the act of consecration, Christ is inseparably united to it, and it becomes his "throne," his "chariot," and his "weapon" for the conquest of Satan, so that, though it is honored on these accounts, the worship is not given to it, but to Him who is on it. The bodily eye sees the material cross, but the spiritual eye sees the Divine power that is united with it. "Therefore," says a distinguished Armenian writer, "thou believer in God, when thou seest the cross, know and believe that thou seest Christ reclining upon it; and when thou prayest before the cross, believe that thou art talking with Christ, and not with dumb matter. For it is Christ that accepts the worship which thou offerest to the cross, and it is he that hears the prayer of thy mouth, and fulfills the petition of thy heart, which thou askest in faith."

**A BRIDAL PROCESSION.**—The Mussulman population of Hindostan have imbibed so inordinate a love of shew from their pagan neighbors, that in their feasts and festivals it is somewhat difficult for a stranger to distinguish the cavalcade of a true believer, from that of the idolatrous follower of a thousand gods. In bridal processions, particular-

ly, there is scarcely anything, save the saffron robes worn with classic propriety by the Hindoo votaries of Hymen, to enlighten the spectator on the subject of the religious belief of the wedding party. Yellow is the marriage color of the Hindoos. The most esteemed dye used for the robes worn at a bridal feast, is obtained from a flower called Kuswur; and when rendered desperate by some overpowering odds, garments of this hue are assumed previously to going into battle, those who appear in them being pledged to conquer or die.

The ceremonials of the marriages, both of Moslems and Hindoos, occupy several days; and during this period the wedding cavalcade is continually parading through the streets, forming a spectacle more or less magnificent according to the rank and wealth of the contracting parties, but always attended with bustle, noise, and glare. In the capitals or native states, the wedding solemnities are observed with more attention to ancient customs than in places where Europeans have fixed their abode; and though, perhaps, there is more wealth among the Hindoo and Moslem residents of Calcutta, than can be attained elsewhere, we must go to Lucknow or Delhi to see native modes and manners in perfection.

Though the great Moghul has dwindled from his high estate, and is indeed so much reduced as to be indebted to his nobles for the defrayment of the expences incurred at the celebration of the imperial festivals, his name is still "a tower of strength," and native princes and potentates delight in doing honors to the representative of the former conquerors of Hindooostan.

At the celebration of the marriage of one of the King's nephews, an incident of late occurrence, the exterior show was such as to do credit to a court once the richest and most splendid in the world. The procession of the bridegroom presented a multiitudinous array of horse and foot. In front came seven heralds, mounted upon camels decked with housings of red and yellow cloth, silver bells, tufts of many colored silk, and glittering necklaces, having standards of scarlet and green borne before them. These were followed by eight hundred females, each bearing a tray upon her head. In former times, the vessels carried upon a great number of these trays, were filled with sweatmeats, fruit, and confectionary, which were distributed amongst the nobles of the Court; and where the cavalcade is not upon so large a scale, the custom is still continued, the *paan* being wrapped up, in the style of some of the French *bon bons*, in glittering envelopes of enamelled foil; other trays covered with gold brocade, are filled with garlands of flowers, plated up with silver ribands; articles so much in request at weddings, that many persons obtain their livelihood by their manufacture; the rest were filled with flowers, arranged in a fanciful manner, or with emblematic devices, temples and palaces formed of tali and different colored foil, bright and splendid as those gems which Aladdin sent upon the heads of his faithful slaves to his imperial father-in-law. After them came troops of soldiers variously attired, escorting nobles mounted upon elephants, and followed by bands of music, some conveyed upon a moveable orchestra of novel construction. An immense square platform, borne upon the shoulders of an exceedingly great number of men, formed a stage, or litter, on which the performers are seated. It was roofed with a resplendent canopy of a pyramidal form, and the sounds that proceeded from it, though quite as horrible as those which are said to have issued from the cave of Domdan-

iel, when all the imprisoned fiends were set loose, seemed highly acceptable to the listening multitude. These delectable harmonies were echoed by the *nagara* or *dankah*, the royal kettle drum, carried on the back of a camel. This is a singular instrument, and beaten with sticks denotes the approach of a cavalcade belonging to a crowned head. It is sounded to clear the way before royalty, and to warn casual passengers to stand up in or dismount from their equipages, when the light of the universe shall be taking the air. These kettle drums are formed of well baked earth, moulded into the shape of a globe cut in half. The parchments is stained over a thin hoop, and fitted firmly to the open side. The usual method of playing on them is with the fingers; but when a more stunning noise is desirable, sticks are employed, and could the dead be wakened by any human process, we know of none more likely to be effectual.

Many nobles and gay cavaliers, some seated gravely upon silver howdahs borne by richly caparisoned elephants, and others prancing upon horseback, the steeds and riders vying with each other in the splendour of their appointments, and the grace and spirit of their demeanour, appeared in clusters, surrounded by numerous retinues, but the bridegroom formed the most interesting personage of the whole group. He was a lad of sixteen, handsome and well shaped, and bearing himself with the modest confidence which is so becoming to youth, and for which the juvenile scions of Hindooostanee families are so remarkable. We rarely meet with either bashfulness or impudent assurance in the young natives of India, who are verging upon manhood; they are self-possessed, without being forward, and quiet without being shy. The youthful Benedict appeared on a white charger with a scarlet mane and tail, and a profusion of silver ornaments. He wore a vest of green brocade, bound round the waist by a superb cashmere, and his turban, sword belt, and the hilt of his dagger glittered with jewels. At each side of his horse were servants, who beat off the flies with bunches of peacocks' feathers, fixed into silver handles; and there was a great brandishing of sheathed swords and silver maces wherever he went. Behind, and closing the long line, twelve four wheeled cars appeared, canopied with draperies of white and scarlet cloth of a tent-like shape, and flowing from a pine apple crowning the top; these chariots were drawn by white bullocks gaily adorned, and jingling with bells. They conveyed the females destined to wait upon the bride, a select few being always taken from the bridegroom's household for this purpose. This procession perambulated all the public avenues of Delhi before it entered the palace; nor was the pageant confined to a single exhibition; a few evenings afterwards, a still more novel and striking display took place. The females employed in bearing the trays came forth again at night, having a cluster of lamps, enclosed in shades of various colored tali, upon her head. There was no moon, and the skies, of their darkest, deep blue, shewed off their pretty pageant to great advantage; the glittering lights moving along in perfect order, and stretching in long perspective down the principal street of Delhi, produced an almost magical effect when viewed from the summit of one of the towers of Selimburgh. It seemed as if the stars were celebrating a jubilee, and were hovering near the earth; the height of the towers, the gloom of the night, and the extraordinary quietude of the streets favored this illusion, and, while it lasted, the delighted spectator was transported to fairy land.